HERE'S APRIL

NowPurify theBlood; Feed the Nerves.

Take Paine's Celery Compound Now!

Speedily Makes People

Cures Disease When -Eudora S. Bumstead, in Youth's Companion. All Else Fails.

In Every Civilized Land It Is a Blessing.

Every Community.

Indorsed by Thousands of People in Ohio.

In every civilized country people are now taking Paine's celery compound. Persons employed constantly indoors emerge from the long confinement of winter reduced in strength and nervous vitality. The need of a spring medicine for years impressed itself on the attention of a thinking people

But with a lack of really valuable scientific preparation people were accustomed to take all sorts of home-made concoctions-some harmless but none of any

Finally in the famous labratory of Dartmouth medical school Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D. L. L. D., discovered the formula for Paine's celery compound the remedy that has become the standard nerve restorer, blood purifier and strengthener from one end of the country to the other, the preparation that stands unrivalled as-

The world's great spring romedy.

Not only is this known to the people generally today but it is the one remedy invariably ordered by the modern class of

physicians all cases of nervous debility. Since the appearance of Paine's celer compound, when first described by Prof. Phelps, there has been no difference of opinion among scientific men as to its unrivalled merits

The reports of the many cases here this remarkable remedy has saved life and restored health, having again and again been given at length in the medical r views and the newspapers, until today the whole country is familiar with the power of Paine's celery compound over disease More than one influential paper has spoken in editorial columns of the great modern remedy as a remarkable instance of scientific discovery, emanating from the very highest medical authority, and taken is the recognized remedy of the world for all forms of weakness.

No such complete agreement of the popular belief and professional judgment ever before happened.

Just now, when the new year—that is the spring—is overhauling the body and trying to arouse it to drive out disease, it is well to know what to do in order to help the good work along. When the nerves count up the gains and losses of the winter, most every one is sure to find that he stands in need of a spring medicine to tone him up, to make richer and purer blood and to make his nerves sound and vigorous. The marvelous ability of rapidly reconstructing worn out tissues of purifying the blood and feeding tired nerves has won for Paine's celery compound the written indorsement of thous ands of careful physicians. It is a fact much commented on that

men and women of national reputation and prominence, educated people, who are careful what the employ when sick,, have of their own accord sent letters describing fully their permanent recovery from rheumatism, heart weakness, sleepless-ness, debility, kidney troubles and from diseases of the stomach and liver.

In all these cases of recovery from seri-ous disorder and the general feeble health that comes direct from a bad state of blood and impaired nerves, Paine's celery compound has always removed diseas and established health again. It begins to give its great help immediately.

This is how it has made men and wo

men come to speak of it as "the remedy that makes people well." This signifi-cant phrase has been repeated so often from mouth to mouth that it is now everywhere inseparably associated with Paine's celery compound, not only by the physicians who daily prescribe it, but by the thousands of ailing people, young and old, who go to it for aid and comfort.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The April number of the North American Review presents to its readers a varied and interesting table of contents. In "A Last Tribute" ex-Speaker Reed criticles the workings of the late fifty-third congress from a republican point of view admiral P. H. Colomb, of the Royal Navy predicts "The Future of the Torpedo in War;" I. Zang, will describes "The Posi-tion of Judaism;" and in "Nagging Wo-men—A Reply," Dr. Cyrus Edison says a few last words on a topic which originally started by him in the Review, has attracted wide notice. An important paper is furnished on "The Growing Greatness of the Pacific," by the Hawalian Minister at Washington, Hon. Lorrin A. Thurston, who throws a strong light upon the commercial development at present going on among the nations bor-dering on the Pacific. "The Physician and the Social Question,"is treated by Paul Gibler, M. D., and George Crocker asks "Does Fire Insurance Cost Too Much?" Hon. Hannis Taylor, United States minister to Spain, writes upon "The Outlook for Parliamentary Government," while the fourth installment of the "Personal History of the Second Empire," by Albert D. Vandam, deals this month with "The Marriage of the Emperor." Other subjects discussed.
"Hypnotism and Justice," by H. Merriman Steele, of John Hopkins' Univer-"The Conditions of Gold Produc"A Word About
"New Pulpit," by be Hev. C. Ernest
ith, and "The Evolution of the Irish
mer," by George Henry Bassett.
"No. 68 East Tus. St.
"Standard Assistant General Passet General Pa

SELECTIONS OF VERSE.

The Falling Star. A little maid by the window bar Stood eagerly watching a falling star; She clapped her hands with a quick delight, One moment still as the star, now dead, The next she lifted her curity head, And said with an earnestness none could

I Can But Sing. " O little bird of restless wing, Why dost thou sing so sweet and loud? Why dost thou sing so strong and proud? Why dost thou sing?"

"OI have drunk the wine of spring: My mate bath built a nest with me; My hope flames out in song," said he; I can but sing." "O little bird of broken wing.
Why dost thou sing so low and clear?
Why dost thou sing so fond and near?

Why dost thou sing?" "OI have seen the end of spring My nest is wrecked, my mate is dead; I bring them back in song," he said;

Alone. Since she went home-Longer the evening shadows linger here, The winter days fill so much of the year And even summer winds are chill and drear, Since she went home.

Since she went home-The robin's note has touched a minor strain. The old giad songs breathe a sad refrain. And laughter sobs with hidden, bitter pain. Since she went home.

How still the empty rooms her presence Is Used by Physicians in Untonched the pillow that her dear head My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest,

> Since she went home-The long, long days have crept away like years, The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts and fears.
>
> And the dark nights have rained in lonely

Since she went home. -R. J. Burdette, in Ladies' Home Journal.

It Was Shut. "Sam, shut the shutter," Mother Hyde Called, with her cap-strings all a-flutter. "I've shut the shutter," Sam replied,
"And I can't shut it any shutter."

-J. T. Greenleaf, in St. Nicholas. The Gospei of Art. Work thou for pleasure: paint or sing or carve. The thing thou lovest, though the body starve.

Who works for glory misses oft the goal Who works for money coins his very soul Work for the werk's sake, then, and it may be

An Arab Saying. Remember, three things come not back: The arrow sent upon its track-It will not swerve, it will not stay Its speed; it files to wound or slay.

The spoken word, so soon forgot Fly thee: yet it has perished not; In other hearts 'tis living still, And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity That cometh back no more to thee In vain thou weepest, in vain too.

Those three will nevermore return.

---Home

Lost Hours.

" I say good night and go upstairs And then undress and say my prayers Beside my bed, and then jump in it. And then—the very nextest minute. The morning sun comes in to peep At me. I s pose I've been to sleep But seems to me." said little Ted. "It's not worth while to go to bed." -Sydney Dayre, in St. Nicholas

> I know that I have lost it— To search for it is vain— I nevermore shall find it

In sunshine or in rain! It was my only treasure. And constant comrade too-I never would have lost it If it hadn't been for you!

Is more than wealth or art;"
I looked into your truthful eyes
And then I lost—my heart! I cannot now reclaim it. Yet none the less 'tis true I never would have lost it

If it hadn't been for you

You said that "love undying

-William H. Hayne, in Judge. Discordant. " I've noticed this," said Uncle Cy. Reviewing life's queer phases;

Folks pitch the tune most awful high olks pitch the tune most awar.
When singing their own praises."
—Puck Which Did You Receive? Two "kindred hearts"

With "piercing darts," Two hands that cling, A golden ring, These words: "Wilt thou be mine?"
A 'nesting dove" (To rhyme with "love"). Twin roses," too-The lover's valentine!

A fiend complete. Squint eyes, big feet, Or "swelled up head," Or "nose all red," These words: "Oh, aren't we fine?" Whate'er you dote Upon, or quote,

our faults, your sin. Confront you in The small boy's valentine -Hattie H. Louthan, in Chicago Post.

Advertising What is the mighty power to-day That holds o'er business such a "way? That, rightly done, will always pay?

What is it olis the wheels of trade, And gives to commerce greatest aid? What has the biggest fortunes made? Advertising

What has built up the power and fame Of many a firm's commercial name. And conquer'd fortune, fickle dame? Advertising

What magic wizard, here and there, From beggar has made millionaire. And made poor business rich and rare? What is it makes the papers thrive

And keeps the magazinos alive? From what do both most help derive? Advertising! And thus we are, these modern days, Indebted in a lot of ways

To what all business men will praise-Advertising Getting Even.

Jinx was cierk in a drygoods store. But he couldn't keep the pace. For a girl who would work for less Meanly beat him out of his place. Later on he asked her to wed.

And the girl was nothing loath; So now he is even at last, For she is supporting them both.

HOME SEEKERS' EXCURSIONS

SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST VIA PENNSYLVANIA

DRUMMERS AFLOAT.

SALESMEN WHO WORK THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI BOATS.

Continually Going Down the Rivers to New Orleans Selling Goods on Board and Ashore-One Man Who Had the Boat Stop to Let Him Sell a Gun.

"Say, what would you think of going up in one of the big Albany day boats and having her stop and set you ashore long enough to sell a gun to a countryman, then pick you up again and go on?"

Such a question could be asked only by a commercial traveler. It would be unjust to him to say that the little bottle of wine with a half dollar table d'hote dinner made him talkative, because he is always talkative, always interesting, too, and full of good stories.

"Knock you crazy, wouldn't it?" he went on, not expecting any answer be-yond a look of surprise. "Of course it would. But I had just that thing happen ago. That's my country for businessthe Obio and the Mississippi basin and all the other basins in that region. It's about the finest racket that any traveling man in this country has too. I take a boat at Pittsbarg, and with two changes I go right through to New Orleans, putting in a little time at every town on the way. I reckon four or five weeks for the trip and

from eight to ten trips a year.
"There are—well, I can't say just how many of us work the river boats. I never strike a boat without meeting two or three others, and, to draw it mild, I should say there were several hundred. It's just like a profession, the river business is—takes a long time to get into it, but when you once get there you're solid. It's a snap when you have the right line. You don't want to go down there selling French clocks or ball slipppers, you know. In my line—light hardware, cutlery and firearms-it's about as soft a berth as a man could crawl into. Come back by the river? Of course I don't. It would take me, say, a month to get from New Orleans to Cin-

month wasted. "I make up my list and have the goods boxed and shipped to Pittsburg about three days before I am ready to start. My business is not in full swing till I get to Cincinnati. That's where the big Ohio river packets start from, and "o one of them my goods are transferred. I don' go through to New Orleans on that boat, only to Memphis, because the Ohio river boats don't make many stops after they get into the Mississippi.

"No matter what boat I take from Cincinnati, there's sure to be a queer lot of passengers on her. Nobody is supposed to travel by the boats nowadays who can afford to ride in the cars. Last time down was right in the swamper season, and we had about 80 of them on board. You'd think from their appearance that the swampers were a lot of daredevil cowboys hungry for a fight, but they're not. There's always work to be had in the swamps of Louisiana, especially along the Red river, cutting lumber for barnel staves and shingles, and when winter comes on in the north hundreds of farmer boys in Ohio and Indiana and Ilitnots go down in the boats and put in a winter's work in the swamps. They're the swampers. They're great on guns and pistols and knives, not for fighting, but to give them a real sporty appearance, I suppose, and I work my cards to sell them all I can. It's very much like peddling, to be sure. Sometimes I sell as much as \$600 or \$800 worth on the boat between Cincinnati and Memphis. The swampers haven't got any money, but pay with orders on their em-

This work on the boat of course is only side show. My main business is in the towns. How long the boat stops at a place depends entirely upon how much freight there is to take on. At least it's supposed to depend on that, but sometimes it depends more upon the commercial travelers on board, as you shall see. We're approaching Shawneetown, on the Illinois shore, let us say, and when we get up enough we see that there's very little freight for us, not enough to keep us more than 10 or 15 minutes. There are, we'll say, four commercial men on board and we all want to spend two or three hours in Shawneetown. We get right down into our pockets and pull out about a dollar apiece and put the money where it will do the most good, no matter where, but somehow the boat is delayed, and we do our business on shore. At the next landing there may be enough freight to keep us four or five hours, and we don't have to spend any money there.

"I was going to tell you about stopping the boat and setting me ashore while I sold a gun to a countryman. I don't suppose such a thing could happen anywhere in the world except along the Ohlo river. We were poking along one morning pretty close to the Kentucky shore somewhere between Owensboro and Evansville. The river is very wide there and in some places almost six feet deep. I was up on the Texas deck leaning against one of the pilot house windows talking to the captain when I happened to see an old chap walking along the shore with a gun over his shoulder. The captain was a great friend of mine, and just for a joke I said to him, 'Say, cap, I wish you'd stop the boat while I go ashore and sell that fellow a decent gun.

"Well, sir, the words were hardly out of my mouth before the captain's hand was on the whistle cord, and the old thing gave a most unearthly screech. It was the big whistle, you understand, that they blow only when they're going to make a landing. Most of these boats carry two whistles-one for ordinary use and a diabolical one of about 2,009 horsepower to let people know they're going to make a landing. The old fellow on shore acted surprised, but he was no more surprised than I was. They set me ashore, and I braced the old hunter, and in mighty short order I sold him a breechloading shotgun. I had to wait nearly half an hour, too, while he went up to his house to get the money. When I got back to the boat, they started her up again, and away we went."-New York Sun.

No "Old Home,"

The condition of the unhappy city people who were not brought up in the country, and who consequently have no "old home" to go to, turning their backs upon the turmoil of the city, is well represented by a little scene reported in a Parislan pa-

In the St. Lezare station a man meets a friend hurrying, with a beaming face, to get a train. 'Ah," he says, "are you going away?"

"Yes; I'm going to spend a few weeks at my birthplace—my old home." "Happy mortal!" exclaims the first man, with a sigh of envy.
"Why, are you unable to do the same?"

"Unable. man! I was born in Paris!" A FARMER DISAPPEARS. Columbiana and Weshingto aville are all excited over the disappearance o. D. E. Stauffen, of the latter place. He went to Columbiana Saturday and drew several thousand dollars from the bank then walked home. He has not been seen since and it is thought he has been murdered. He was a prominent young farmer of good habits.

Special low rate excursion tickets with twenty day return limit will be sold March 5th, April 2d and 30th, from ticket stations on the Pennsylvania Lines to points in Alabama, Florida. Georgia, Kentucky, Louislana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia. For details apply to the nearest Pennsylvania Lines ticket agent, or address F. Van Dusen, Chief Assistant General Passengur agent, Pittaburg, Pa.

Saturday and drew several thousand dollars from the bank them walked home. He has not been seen since snice since murdered. He was a prominent young farmer of good habits.

FOUND DEAD.

Coroner T. C. McQuate was this morning called to Paul's Station, two miles north of Massillon. A telephone message stated that a man named Martin Baker, had been found dead there and

THIERS AND SARDOU.

The Dramatist's Little Lecture to the tatesman and Its Result. As Sardou was paying M. Thiers, then president of the republic, the customary visit of a candidate for the academy, he astonished the historian of the consulate

and of Europe by speaking to him of the transformation of the modern theaters through the spirit which the new writers have infused into it by the correctnes and wealth of details.

"I have stopped at the comedies of M Scribe," said M. Thiers. "Monsleur le president, have you stop-ped at the furniture of the time of Louis

No," and he looked around him.

Philippe?" replied Sardou.

"Have you stopped at the classic grouping of furniture round the chimney plece as in the time of Mme. Recamier? There are armchairs in the middle of your room, some near the fireplace, some little stools, a sort of very pretty ordered disorder, which permits of conversation springing up in all corners, giving an anima tion to the room which it had not when the older arrangement of furniture gave to me down on the Ohio river some weeks it a classic aspect. And what variety in draperies! That Japanese silk beside the Louis XV table, that Chinese screen before the white Marie Antionette chair, copied from the model of Trianon! Diversity is the aim of the modern furnisher One does not want rigidity any more, but contrast, and our furniture, like our actions, is always significant. In that respect our comedians of today differ from those of the time of M. Scribe, M. Scribe put a sofa at each end of the stage and in-variably a table in the center. We put stands in all the corners, small furniture everywhere and the table where it suits

> M. Thiers was singularly interested with this little lecture, given with all kinds of picturesque gestures. He smiled and said to Victorien Sardon: "I understand now, my dear confrere, why Moliere was so good an author. He had

been an upholsterer. Those words, "My dear confrere," were in effect a promise that the statesman's vote would be given to Sardou. Thiers, in fact, voted for him.-Jules Clarette in North American Review. suddenly came upon the object they were

THE POWER OF WATER. No Good Plan Has Yet Been Evolved For

Its Utilization. Philadelphia engineer has figured nt that an inch of rain falling on an area of a square mile is equivalent to nearly 17,500,000 gallons weighing 145, 200,000 pounds, or 72,600 tons. Assuming this water to have fallen from clouds about half a mile, or, say, 8,000 feet, above the earth, we have for the energy represented by it about 22,000 horsepower. With pumping machinery working at the low rate of consumption of two pounds of coal per horsepower per hour, it would take 200 gross tons of coal to raise the water represented by an inch of rain on a square mile to the assumed height of 8,000 feet. As a matter of fact, rain often falls from clouds which are at much greater height than 8,000 feet above the ground, so that the figures just given are

quite conservative ones With all the talk that there has been about utilizing waste energies it seems just a little peculiar that no promising scheme has yet been evolved to turn to good account the prodigious power wasted which thus far has been shown to go on with every rainfall of any account. And yet, while writing, a project comes to mind which was advanced about ten years ago, apparently in good faith, by some enterprising genius in the West Indies, to accomplish exactly this saving. What he oposed to do was to conduct the water rom each roof during heavy tropical rains into a main pipe supplying a small tur-bine coupled to a dynamo. The electricity so developed by passing showers was to be stored in accumulators, and these, as they became charged in variable times, depending, of course, on the rainfall, were to be collected and stored at central depots, from which the power was afterward to be distributed. Unfortunately, however, this enticing scheme did not materialize, so that the field is still open for some one else.-Cassier's Magazine.

business man went hurrying past. The little fellow stepped directly in his way: doesn't Aunt Bessie live here?"

'I'm sure I don't know, child," answered the man kindly. "What is your aunt's he kills himself. Though he carries a gua, other name? 'Why don't you ring the bell?"

"It's too high up." So the stranger gave the bell a strong pull, and in a moment the door was opened her pleasure.

Are you Aunt Bessie?" innocently asked the young man on the steps. He are numerous. By the strength and methmeant no harm, but Aunt Bessie instantly froze, and he had the pleasure of hear- the conflicts. g the unknown infant whom he had helped say as the door closed: "He's just a man. "-Detroit Free Press.

Swiss Babies and Their Beer.

five babies, says an English writer. They were all about 214 years old, and they were all clad in white frocks with blue, pink, red, white and tartan sashes respeclunch was produced, and each babe was provided with about a third of a tumbler of heer. You never in all your life saw anything so unpoetle as those five fat bourgeoise bables sipping their beer. Doubtless they are an industrious, respectable, frugal, meritorious people, but not interesting nor attractive, and I never knew a Swiss man or woman yetyou?—who had as much romance in their composition as would lie on a threepenny

Why Teas Are Popular.

Whisper it low. The afternoon tea, which nine people out of every ten consider the most unenjoyable of all the forms of entertainment to which society is addicted, is to be the correct thing this scason. The reason is easy to locate. It is about the cheapest possible way to pay so-cial debts, and cheapness is now an object with many who have hitherto sneered at conomy.-Chicago Elite.

"Smith is looking very low spirited. Has there been any trouble in the family?" Dubbs—Yes. A rich uncle has just reovered from a serious iliness.-Chicago

TO THE SUPREME COURT. Two injunction suits from Stark County have

been filed in the supreme court. One is the Wheeling & Lake Erie Company against Samuel P. Borden and John C. Pepper, and Silas W. Grudy against the same parties.

A MONTANA WILD MAN

HE LIVES IN THE MOUNTAINS WITH WILD BEASTS FOR COMPANY.

Uses Good English and Is Well Posted on All Questions-He Runs Down a Deer When He Is Hungry-Of Course There Is a Mystery About Him.

In the almost unknown wilds of the Wise River mountains, in the southeast-Butte, is the roaming place of the most interesting and mysterious character of the state, if not of the whole northwest. The man has been a mystery to the people of that section for more than a quarter of a century, and about the only positive thing they have been able to learn about him in that time was that his name is orge Pettingill.

Recently a hunting party made a trip into the Wise River mountains and camp ed for several days at the junction of the Wise and Big Hole rivers, not far from the reported habitation of the "wild man." There was a natural curiosity to get a glimpse of the strange individual. A walk of several miles in the direction indicated by the guide brought the party to a short narrow gulch in the foothills, where was found the rude but described as the home of the wild man. The owner of the place was nowhere to be seen. There was no door to the entrance. The hut itself was half dug into the hillside, and theother half was formed of bended fir trees. The inside was about 6 by 10 feet in size and did not contain a single article of furniture The sleeping place of its occupant was the bare floor on one side of the hut, where the imprint of a human form indicated the spot where the man had passed his nights for a score and a balf of years. A smoothly worn piece of wood served as a pillow. Its middle was worn bollow, pillow. showing that it had served its purpose for many years. Not a shred of clothing or covering of any kind was in the hut. After completing an inspection of the strange place the intruders resumed their way to ward the mountains, but had not left the hut more than 15 feet behind when they

looking for. He stood like an apparition upon knoll but a few feet away and had evidently been watching the trespassers for some time. An old army rifle was resting across his arm, and when the correspond ent made a few steps forward the gun crept up toward the man's shoulder. The two men stood startled and amazed, and he as immovable as a statue. He is fully 6 feet 4 inches tall and slightly stooped with massive chest, shoulders and arms and with not an ounce of superfluous flesh and weighing about 200 pounds. The only piece of clothing he wore was a rag ged old army overcoat and a pair of old breeches that extended a few inches be low his knees. His body was thickly cov-ered with short hair, and his beard and the hair of his head, which were of an iron gray, hung in heavy matted curis about eight inches below his waist. Each curl was as thick as a man's wrist and contained more hair than the head of the average woman. His feet were bare, and his legs, like his body, were covered with a coat of hair. He appeared to be about 60 years

"Are you the wild man?" finally ventured Mr. McKinstry. The strange figure smiled, surprisingly pleasant, and replied, "I believe that is what they call me."

"Do you live there?" was the next ques tion, indicating the barren but. 'Yes, that is my home, or rather my headquarters, but I do not spend much of my time there, for I am busy rustling

most of the time." The man's language was perfect Eng lish and gave evidence of an educated man. He took a seat upon the knoll, and his visitors, having become reassured, sat by his side and for an hour or more engaged in conversation with the strange creature. All efforts, however, to learn anything of his history were skillfully parried. Once when a question on that point was rather bluntly put he said:

"Every man has his secrets that the

world is bound to respect," and the subject was dropped Concerning his life in the mountains he A small boy still in kilts was standing talked freely. He believed that nature on the sidewalk in front of a house on intended man to live as he did and point Clifford street the other day as a young ed to the fact that he wore little or no business man went hurrying past. The clothing even in the most rigid winters, and yet in the 30 years which he had lived 'Say," he asked in chubby voice, in the mountains he has not known a day's sickness. He subsists almost en tirely upon raw meat, mostly game, which he uses it only in self defense and never "It's just Aunt Bessle. She is in that to kill game. His method is to get on the trail of a deer, moose, elk or bear and run it down. He has been known to follow a deer in that way for a week or ten days and being tireless himself the deer sooner or later falls an easy victim to his knife. by a pretty young girl, who gave a cry of It is also stated that during such a chase surprise, followed by an exclamation of de-light, as she caught the child in her arms trail until he overtakes the animal, and and kissed him, while her face expressed after killing it he remains with the carcass until it is consumed. Stories of his encounters with bear and elk driven to bay

ods of a Samson he is always victorious in At intervals of from three to six weeks he returns to "headquarters" to look after a few head of horses which he has running on the range, but the only use he has for horses, as he expresses it, is to remind On the lake of Neuchatel I sat behind him of the outside world and make him teel that he is not entirely alone. About

wice a year when game is scarce he makes trip to Dewey's Flat, a small settlement of ranches about ten miles distant from Opposite these babies sat their his headquarters, for supplies. His supadoring papas. After about half an hour plies consist of beef and tallow, both of which he eats raw, and the latest maga zines and periodicals. He raises what lit-tle money he requires by seiling a horse occasionally. The most remarkable thing about this man is that he is well read and well informed on the public questions, though he is usually about six months be hind the times.

There are several stories told as to the reason why Pettingill came to Montana and adopted the wild life he is leading, and the most generally accepted is that during the war he was a captain in a company of Missouri volunteer infantry; that he had a quarrel with a fellow offic was challenged to fight a duel. He accepted and killed his challenger and then de serted the army and escaped up along the Missouri river, making the whole distance on foot and landing in Montana when this country was still an almost unknown territory .- Butte Cor. St. Louis Globe-Dem-

Pat's Logic.

Neighbor-You how a large family to Support, Mr. Finnigan.
Mr. Finnigan—I hov that, mum, an if they didn't all earn their own livin I couldn't do it at all at all.—London An-



man got wet

SLICKERS

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Cura, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Case toria is the Children's Panacea-the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castorir, is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osocop, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far Gistant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium. morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves.

DR. J. F. KINCHELOR,

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children ry-I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y

"Our physicians in the children's depart ment have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria. and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,

Conway, Ark. | ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres., The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Mrs. DR. HARKEY ADAMS, DR. W. T. ADAMS



Mrs. Dr. Harkey Adams has cured more female diseases in the past 12 years makes a specialty of diseases of women, who are deaf to hear oral discourse.



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